

HAVE HEADACHES?

Get Rid of Them By The Use of Paine's Celery Compound.



Since Paine's celery compound was first prescribed some years ago by Prof. Phelps and his followers, thousands of clear thinking, busy practitioners, to restore strength and build up weakened nerves, during this long interval of years there have been countless men and women made permanently well and strong by taking it. During all these years every mail has without exception brought some message from one of the countless homes where sickness had been banished and anxiety for some dear member dispelled by the employment of this most remarkable blood and tissue restorative the world has yet enjoyed.

Paine's celery compound positively and permanently cures nervous debility and exhaustion. Neuralgia, sleeplessness, melancholia, hysteria, and headaches very soon yield to its refreshing properties, for all these troubles are directly traceable to the one cause, poorness of the blood and poorness of the nervous tissues.

JUDGE HARRISON'S SPEECH AT THE CALEDONIAN CLUB'S TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

A Beautiful Tribute to the Memory of Scotland's Bard—His Varied Abilities and Striking Genius.

Following is given entire the very felicitous and eloquent address by Hon. Lynde Harrison at the celebration by the Caledonian club of its twenty-fifth anniversary, last Friday night:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the New Haven Caledonian Club:

Permit me to congratulate you on this occasion, which celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of your observance to the memory of the great poet of Scotland's people. Burns has never lacked appreciation by the sons of Caledonia since that day one hundred and eighty years ago when he dedicated the first Edinburgh edition of his poems to the gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt, in the following words, which show he was a master of the English language in prose as well as in meter.

"A Scottish bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to shine in his country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land; those who bear the honors and inherit the virtues of their ancestors? The poetic genius of my country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal soil. In my native tongue, I turned my wild, artless notes as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my songs under your honored protection. I now obey her dictates. Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my lords and gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favors; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this address with the vernal soul of a servile author, looking for a continuation of those favors. I was bred to the plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious countrymen, and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the great fountain of honor, the Monarch of the universe, for your welfare and happiness."

"When you go forth to waken the echoes, in the ancient and favorite amusement of your forefathers, may pleasure ever be of your party; and may social joy await your return. When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured virtue attend your return to your native seats; and may domestic happiness, with a smiling wel-

The physicians of large practice who are now in the habit of daily employing this remedy say that no invigorator has anything like the power of Prof. Phelps' great preparation, Paine's celery compound.

Mr. Levi Campbell of Danby, Vt., whose portrait is printed above, had the usual experience. Last year when he was engaged in the season in that state opened in February (it is a great industry in Vermont) he was not in good health. He was troubled with headaches—bad ones. He procured a single bottle of Paine's celery compound. "I began taking it," he says, "and felt better at once." His appetite returned. He stopped taking the compound. He worked hard and successfully. He overdid himself, and at the end of the season began to be troubled again. He again took Paine's celery compound, and this time earnestly. Two bottles made him a well man and permanently cured him. As in a thousand of other cases in and out of New England Paine's celery compound made him a new man.

come, meet you at your gates. May corruption shrink at your kindling, indignant glance; and may tyranny in the ruler and licentiousness in the people finally find you an inexorable foe."

When Burns was born in Ayrshire the legends and romances of Scotland were well known to his people, for they had been sung for two centuries in the numbers of Dunbar, Lyndsay, Maitland and Montgomery.

From the eastern sea to the western ocean, from the cheviot hills to that fateful field in the highlands where the star of the Stuarts sank for the last time, the moors and dells, the lakes and streams, were full of romantic legends told in poetry and song. They were fit breeding places for the highest efforts of genius, and the best products of literature.

Burns came to a generation and people capable of appreciating his genius and ready to receive him with open arms. We usually think of Burns, however, as a poet, and nothing more. We forget that he attracted and held men and women to him, not because of his poetry and song, but by the fascination of his conversation, the eloquence of his arguments, the wit shown in his brilliant repartee in social circles. His friend, Mrs. Riddell, said of him soon after his death: "His form was manly and his action energy itself. His features were stamped with the hardy character of independence and the firmness of conscious, though not arrogant, pre-eminence. The rapid lightnings of his eye were always the harbingers of some flash of genius, whether they darted fiery glances of insult and indignation superiority or beamed with an impassioned sentiment of fervent and impetuous affections. His voice alone could improve upon the magic of his eye—sonorous, replete with the finest modulations, it alternately captivated the ear with the melody of poetic numbers, the perspicuity of nervous reasoning or the ardent sallies of enthusiastic patriotism."

On this anniversary of his birth I deem it due to his memory and reputation as a genius that something should be said of his great abilities as a writer of prose. Scott made his reputation first as a poet, wrote his first great romances under the nom de plume of "The Author of Waverley," and is remembered to-day because of his novels rather than his poems. Had fortune been as kind to Burns as to Scott, and had his life been spared, his reputation as a versatile man of letters might have excelled that of the Wizard of the North. In public life Burns might have been a successful patriot or statesman. Permit me to briefly call your attention to the power he acquired in the few years of his life as a writer of vigorous, logical English. The famous Chapman correspondence running through a series of letters from December, 1787, to March, 1788, shows as much literary ability in the use of the language of sentiment and passion as Richardson exhibits in the letters which make up those famous novels of the last century, the pride and delight of our great-grandmothers, Clarissa Harlowe, Sir Charles Grandison and Pamela. Passages from his dedication of his poems to the Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt, a portion of which I have

read to you this evening, are frequently quoted with delight by people who know not their authorship.

The writings of Rousseau and the philosophes of the eighteenth century, the doctrines of Franklin, Jefferson and Paine, had made many men in Scotland champions of the "New Lights" in religion, and defenders of democratic forms of human government. It is well known that during the latter years of his life Burns, who had heard the shot fired at Concord Bridge, who had rejoiced with the lovers of French liberty at the fall of the Bastille, who had sympathized with the movements in Scotland by the "friends of the people," and who had been under the ban of official suspicion during the trials at Edinburgh of Watt, Downie and Citizen Margaret, for high treason or sedition, was ostracized by many of his social and political friends.

The independent, free thinking spirit of Burns would not permit him to hold or proclaim opinions contrary to his convictions of right, and the letters he wrote to his friend, Robert Graham, and others, upon these subjects, would do credit to many a statesman. On the fifth of January, 1793, he wrote to Robert Graham—"Now, to the charges malice and misrepresentation have brought against me. It has been said, it seems, that I not only belong to, but head a disaffected party in this place. I know of no party in this place, either republican or reform, except an old party of Burgis reform, with which I never had anything to do. Individuals, both republican and reform, we have, though not of either, but if they have associated, it is more than I have the least knowledge of, and if there exists such an association, it must consist of such obscure nameless beings as precludes any possibility of my being known to them, or they to me. I never uttered any invectives against the king. His private worth it is altogether impossible that such a man as I can appreciate; but in his public capacity I always revered, and always will, with the soundest loyalty—revered the monarch of Great Britain, as to speak in Masonic, the sacred key stone of our royal arch constitution. As to reform principles I look upon the British constitution as settled at the revolution, to be the most glorious constitution on earth, or that perhaps the wit of man can frame; at the same time I think—and you know what high and distinguished characters have for some time thought so—that we have a good deal deviated from the original principles of that constitution, particularly that an alarming system of corruption has pervaded the connection between the executive power and the house of commons. This is the truth, and the whole truth of my reform opinions."

A few weeks later he wrote to Alexander Cunningham a remarkable letter, which shows the keen discernment and wonderful power of satire possessed by Burns. The political catfish of Burns, as it might be called, is suited to other times and places than Scotland at the close of the last century. These are his words: "Dumfries, 20th Feb. 1793. What are you doing? What hurry have you on your head, my dear Cunningham, that I have not heard from you? Are you daily engaged in the mazes of the law, the mysteries of love, or in the profound wisdom of modern politics? Curse on the word which ended the period."

Question. What is politics? Answer. Politics is a science wherewith, by means of nefarious cunning and hypocritical pretense we govern civil politics for the emolument of ourselves and adherents."

Question. What is a minister? Answer. A minister is an unprincipled fellow, who by the influence of hereditary, or acquired wealth—by superior abilities, or by a lucky conjuncture of circumstances, obtains a principal place in the administration of the affairs of government."

Question. What is a patriot? Answer. A patriot is an individual of the same designation as a minister—only out of place."

At a later period, just after war had been declared between England and France, Burns expressed his true political feelings in strong language, in a letter addressed to Mr. John Francis Erskine of Mar. After stating that he had rather unguardedly declared his favor in reform, and had been accused by the board of excise of being a republican, he says that: "I am a poor man from birth, and an exile man, by necessity, by I will say it, the sterling of my worth no poverty can debase, and the independence of my British mind oppression might bend, but cannot subdue. Have not I to me a more precious stake in my country's welfare than the richest dukedom in it? I have a family of children, and the probability of more. I have three sons who I see already have brought into the world souls ill qualified to inhabit the bodies of slaves. Can I look tamely on and see any machinations to wrest from them the birth right of my boys, the little dependent Britons in whose veins runs my own blood? No, I will not, should my heart's blood stream around my attempt to defend it. Does any man tell me that my feeble efforts can be of no service, and that it does not belong to my humble station to meddle with the concerns of a people? I tell him that it is on such individuals as I that for the hand of support and the eye of intelligence, a nation has to rest. The time formed may well swell a nation's bulk, and a titled, tinsel courtly throng may be its feathered ornament; but the number of those who are elevated enough in life to reason and to reflect, and yet low enough to keep clear of the venal contagion of the court—these are a nation's strength."

This language Burns would have qualified him the end of the twentieth century for the third degree of magistracy.

But Burns could write equally well in the language of pleasantry. Two or three months after the French convention had declared war against England in 1793 Burns wrote to his friend, Mrs. Riddell: "I must tell you all the haberdashers here are on the alarm as to the necessary article of French gloves. You must know French gloves are contraband goods and expressly forbidden by the laws of this wisely governed realm of ours. A satirist would say this is the reason why the ladies are so fond of them; but I, who have not one grain of gall in my composition, shall allege that it is the patriotism of the dear goddess of Man's idolatry that makes them fond of them with no other liberty and equality. I have discovered one haberdasher who at my request will give your hands as they ought to be,

to keep them from being profaned by the rude gaze of the glazing eye, or (should by the unhallowed lips of that satyr, man."

But upon what literature did our genius feed that he became so great? He tells us in a letter to Mr. John Murdoch, written in January, 1788, when he was barely twenty-four years of age, that "my favorite authors are of the sentimental kind, such as Shensstone, particularly his elegies; Thompson's Man of Feeling; a book I prize next to the Bible; A Man of the World; Sterne, especially his Sentimental Journey; McPherson's Osean. These are the glorious models after which I endeavor to form my conduct, and it is incongruous, it is absurd, to suppose that the man whose mind glows with sentiments lighted up at their sacred flame, the man whose heart disdains with benevolence to the whole human race, he who can soar above this little scene of things, can he descend to mind the paltry concerns about which the terra firma race fret and fume and vex themselves? Oh, how the glorious triumph swells my heart! I forget that I am a poor insignificant devil, unnoticed and unknown, stalking up and down the fairs and markets when I happen to be in them, reading a page or two of mankind, and catching the manners living as they rise, whilst the men of business jostle me on every side as an idle encumbrance in their way."

The story of Burns as a poet is more than a twice told tale. Scott, in his minstrelsy, sings the history of Scotland's past. Burns in his poems breathes the hopes and the aspirations of the sons of Scotland for the future. Burns reached the hearts of the masses because his poems were in the language of the common people. The only poems of Lowell which touched the hearts of the American people were those of Hosea Bigelow, couched in the vernacular of New England.

Critics may not agree which of his poems should be given primacy of rank. I shall not discuss here whether it is Hallowe'en, Tam O'Shanter's Famous Ride or the Jolly Beggars. Many of his poems were the children of years of thought and brooding. He had a habit like that of many writers, of keeping a common place book, in which he jotted down ideas which he frequently put into meter. Thus we find in his common place book under date of April, 1788, he wrote, "If anything on earth deserves the name of rapture or transport, it is the feeling of green eighteen in the company of the mistress of his heart, when she repays him with an equal return of affection." Nearly three years later he put the thought into meter in the following stanza: "O happy love! where love like this is found; O heart-felt rapture! bliss beyond compare! And sage experience bids me this declare—"

"If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare, One goddard in this melancholy vale, 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale, Beneath the milk-white thorn that accents the evening gale."

Burns was an heir to all the wisdom and weakness of the age. Born of the plain people of his native land, he shared the poverty, and sometimes bitterness of their lot; wept with them in their sorrows, shared with them their pride in the glories of Boscawen and the valor of Wallace; joined with them the old songs of Scotland, joined hand in hand and heart to heart in all their merry-makings, and like Keats, Chatterton and Shelley his sun set before the high noon of his manhood was upon him.

There are those who think they measure the character of Burns by the poems written in the idioms and language of his countrymen, those songs which tickle the fancy and lightly move the heart to laughter, but to my mind there is more of the real spirit, the inner man of Burns, in "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and kindred poems on serious subjects, than in the quaint stories of Hallowe'en and Tam O'Shanter's Mare. Where can you find in our language a picture of family life and of home and its enduring happiness, of trust in God and the future, than in the concluding stanzas of this beautiful poem? The priest-like father reads the sacred page, How Abram was the friend of God on high; Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage With Amalek's ungracious progeny; Or, how the royal bard did groaning lie Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire; Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry; Or Isiah's wild, seraphic fire; Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme, How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed; How He, who bore in heaven the second throne, Had not on earth whereon to lay His head; How His first followers and servants sped; The precepts sage they wrote to many a land; How He, who lone in Patmos banished, Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand, And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to heaven's Eternal King, The saint, the father and the husband prays; Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing, That thus they all shall meet in future days, There, ever hark in uncreated rays, No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear, Together hymning their Creator's praise, In such society, yet still more dear; While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Greene and the heroes of Troy live in the swelling numbers of Homer; Virgil carried the immortal story down through all the ages in the soft and musical Latin tongue; Dante has given immortality to the fates of medieval Italy, and the hopes or fears of her children for a Paradise or an Inferno; Shakespeare, who, with no other title, has lived all time, the first place in the libraries of all who speak the English tongue; but Burns the man—Burns, the

poet—ranks them all because he lives forever, not only in Scottish hearts, not only in the memory of the sons of Caledonia as they meet to cherish fondly the legends of their ancestors, but in the affectionate regard of men of all the races that speak the English tongue, because of all the few great poets the world has ever known, he, the man himself, with all the intense human nature God had given him, breathes and burns and lives eternally in the verses of his genius.

Hunting For the Victims.

Thompson, Jan. 28.—Another day's search for the bodies of the murdered wife and child of Storvick was a failure to-day so far as finding the bodies was concerned. Captain Hillhouse and State Attorney Hunt were here to-day from Willimantic and pursued the search all day. This afternoon State Attorney Hunt called Dr. Wolfe, the noted medical expert of Hartford, to the town and had the physician make an examination of the blood stains on the walls in the farm house. Dr. Wolfe determined that the blood was that of a human being. The theory that the bodies are in the pond is losing ground with the people here, who believe that the murderer has either hidden or buried the bodies somewhere in the woods. The townspeople are urging the selectmen to offer a reward for the recovery of the bodies, but the town authorities have not yet taken any action in the matter. If the searchers fail to find the bodies to-morrow a search will be made through the woods, where it is now supposed that the bodies are hidden.

Financial.

A Fresh Attack Was Made on the Market at the Start.

New York, Jan. 28.—A fresh attack was made on the stock market at the start on the heavy withdrawals of gold from the sub-treasury and the engagement of \$4,500,000 for shipment to Europe on the Lahn and Majestic. The early loss in prices ranged from 1/4 to 1 1/2 per cent. Lead and New Jersey Central being the greatest sufferers. An advance in the posted rates of sterling exchange of 1/4 cent to \$4.89 1/4 and \$4.90 1/4, and selling of securities for foreign accounts also operated against the market at this time.

Subsequently a steadier tone prevailed, and just previous to the publication of the president's message on the treasury situation the whole list moved up rapidly, covering for the account of professional operators who expected a sharp rally to follow the president's recommendations. The movement ranged from 1/4 to 1 1/2 per cent. Lead again having been a feature.

The president's message was well received and generally commended in financial circles, but there was a disposition to disapprove of the recommendation for small silver notes. Later on advices from Washington were to the effect that the president's suggestions would not receive immediate attention, and that the silver men would fight the gold bond issue. At the same time call money shot up to 3 per cent. This led to renewed liquidations and in the last hour of business the market was heavy. General Electric dropped 3/4 to 29 1/2. Lead 1 1/2 to 27 1/2 @ 28 1/2. Chicago Gas 1 1/2 to 7 1/2. Lackawanna 2 to 15 1/2. Lake Shore 1 1/2 to 13 1/2. Jersey Central 1 1/2 to 30 1/2. Northern Railway preferred 2 1/2 to 30 1/2. Louisville and Nashville 1 1/2 to 23 1/2. Missouri Pacific 1 1/2 to 20 1/2. Tennessee Coal 1 1/2 to 14 1/2.

Speculation closed weak at prices about the lowest for the day. Net changes show declines of 1/4 to 3/4 per cent. General Electric leading. Big Four, Manhattan, Reading, and Pacific Mail rose 1/4 to 1 1/2 per cent. In the inactive list Great Northern preferred dropped 3 to 100.

The advance in money is by no means an unmitigated evil, as in normal times it has a tendency to weaken sterling exchange and thus check the efflux of gold.

The bond market was weak. The sales were \$1,188,000.

Following are the closing prices reported by Prince & Whately, bankers and brokers, 46 Broadway, New York, and 15 Center street, New Haven:

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|-------------------------------------|---------|---------|
| American Tobacco Co. | 93 | 93 1/2 |
| American Cotton Oil Co. | 31 1/2 | 31 3/4 |
| American Cotton Oil Co. pfd. | 60 | 60 1/2 |
| Am. Sugar Refining Co. | 91 | 91 1/2 |
| Am. Tobacco Co. | 41 | 41 1/2 |
| Am. Tobacco Co. pfd. | 47 | 47 1/2 |
| Central of New Jersey | 90 1/2 | 90 3/4 |
| Chesapeake & Ohio Voting Co. | 10 1/2 | 10 3/4 |
| Chicago & East Illinois pfd. | 100 | 100 1/2 |
| Chicago & North Western | 100 | 100 1/2 |
| Chicago, Burlington & Quincy | 70 1/2 | 70 3/4 |
| Union Pacific | 71 1/2 | 71 3/4 |
| Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul pfd. | 118 | 118 1/2 |
| Chicago Rock Island & Pacific | 31 1/2 | 31 3/4 |
| Cleveland, C. & St. Louis | 37 1/2 | 37 3/4 |
| Col. Rocking Valley & Toledo | 16 | 16 1/2 |
| Delaware & Hudson Canal | 128 1/2 | 128 3/4 |
| Delaware, Lack. & Western | 167 | 167 1/2 |
| Denver Rio Grande pfd. | 31 1/2 | 31 3/4 |
| Dis. & Cattle Feeding Co. | 97 | 97 1/2 |
| General Electric Co. | 29 1/2 | 29 3/4 |
| Illinois Central | 97 | 97 1/2 |
| Lake Shore & Michigan So. | 130 | 130 1/2 |
| Lake Erie & Western | 164 | 164 1/2 |
| Lake Erie & Western pfd. | 68 1/2 | 68 3/4 |
| Louisville & Nashville | 62 1/2 | 62 3/4 |
| Louisville & New Albany | 7 | 7 1/2 |
| Louisville & New Orleans | 24 1/2 | 24 3/4 |
| Laurel & Georgia | 21 | 21 1/2 |
| Missouri, Kansas & Texas | 19 1/2 | 19 3/4 |
| Missouri, Kansas & Texas pfd. | 21 | 21 1/2 |
| Manhattan Elevated | 100 | 100 1/2 |
| Missouri Pacific | 30 1/2 | 30 3/4 |
| New York & New Haven | 104 | 104 1/2 |
| N. Y. & N. H. pfd. | 32 1/2 | 32 3/4 |
| New York Central & Hudson | 99 1/2 | 99 3/4 |
| N. Y. Chicago & Western | 13 | 13 1/2 |
| N. Y. Lake Erie & Western | 100 | 100 1/2 |
| N. Y. Lake Erie & Western pfd. | 100 | 100 1/2 |
| N. Y. Ontario & Western | 100 | 100 1/2 |
| Norfolk & Western pfd. | 16 | 16 1/2 |
| Norfolk & Western | 21 1/2 | 21 3/4 |
| Northern Pacific | 21 1/2 | 21 3/4 |
| Northern Pacific pfd. | 21 1/2 | 21 3/4 |
| National Lead Co. | 38 1/2 | 38 3/4 |
| National Lead Co. pfd. | 70 1/2 | 70 3/4 |
| Pacific Mail S. S. Co. | 20 1/2 | 20 3/4 |
| Peoria, Decatur & Evansville | 31 1/2 | 31 3/4 |
| Phila. & Reading Voting Co. | 9 | 9 1/2 |
| Pullman Palace Car Co. | 15 | 15 1/2 |
| Rich. & W. P. R. Co. 3rd inst. pfd. | 14 1/2 | 14 3/4 |
| St. Paul & Northern Pacific | 14 1/2 | 14 3/4 |
| Tennessee Coal & Iron pfd. | 85 1/2 | 85 3/4 |
| Texas & Pacific | 85 1/2 | 85 3/4 |
| Texas & Pacific pfd. | 85 1/2 | 85 3/4 |
| Union Pacific | 85 1/2 | 85 3/4 |
| Union Pacific, Denver & Gulf | 85 1/2 | 85 3/4 |
| Western Union Telegraph | 58 1/2 | 58 3/4 |
| Wheeling & Lake Erie | 31 1/2 | 31 3/4 |
| Wisconsin Central | 24 1/2 | 24 3/4 |
| Wisconsin Central pfd. | 100 | 100 1/2 |
| American Express | 110 | 110 1/2 |
| United States Express | 42 | 42 1/2 |
| U. S. Rubber | 41 | 41 1/2 |

| | | |
|------------------------|--------|--------|
| U. S. Rubber pfd. | 93 1/2 | 94 |
| U. S. Rubber | 41 1/2 | 42 |
| U. S. Cordage Co. pfd. | 8 | 8 1/2 |
| U. S. Cordage Co. | 8 | 8 1/2 |
| U. S. Steel Corp. pfd. | 15 1/2 | 16 |
| U. S. Steel Corp. | 15 1/2 | 16 |
| Southern Railway | 94 | 94 1/2 |
| Southern Railway pfd. | 91 | 91 1/2 |

Government Bonds.

Following are the quotations for United States bonds at the call to-day:

| | | |
|---------------------|-----|---------|
| Ext. 104, reg. 1897 | 97 | 97 |
| Ext. 104, reg. 1897 | 118 | 118 1/2 |
| Ext. 104, reg. 1897 | 118 | 118 1/2 |
| Ext. 104, reg. 1897 | 118 | 118 1/2 |
| Ext. 104, reg. 1897 | 118 | 118 1/2 |
| Ext. 104, reg. 1897 | 118 | 118 1/2 |
| Ext. 104, reg. 1897 | 118 | 118 1/2 |
| Ext. 104, reg. 1897 | 118 | 118 1/2 |
| Ext. 104, reg. 1897 | 118 | 118 1/2 |
| Ext. 104, reg. 1897 | 118 | 118 1/2 |

NEW HAVEN LOCAL QUOTATIONS.

Furnished daily by KIMBERLY, ROOT & DAY, Bankers and Brokers, 113 Orange street.

BANK STOCKS.

| | Par | Bid | Asked |
|---------------------------|-------|---------|-------|
| City Bank | \$100 | 120 1/2 | — |
| New Haven County National | 10 | 10 1/2 | 11 |
| Mechanics Bank | 60 | 60 1/2 | 61 |
| Mechanics National Bank | 50 | 50 1/2 | 51 |
| New Haven National Bank | 100 | 100 1/2 | 101 |
| Trustees National Bank | 100 | 100 1/2 | 101 |
| Second National Bank | 100 | 100 1/2 | 101 |
| Yale National Bank | 100 | 100 1/2 | 101 |

RAILROAD STOCKS.

| | Par | Bid | Asked |
|-----------------------------|-----|-----|---------|
| H. & N. Y. A. L. preferred | 100 | 100 | 100 1/2 |
| Danbury & Norwalk H. R. Co. | 50 | 50 | 50 1/2 |
| Danbury & Norwalk H. R. Co. | 100 | 100 | 100 1/2 |
| Boston & Albany H. R. Co. | 100 | 100 | 100 1/2 |
| Norfolk & Western | 100 | 100 | 100 1/2 |
| N. Y. & N. H. & H. R. Co. | 100 | 100 | 100 1/2 |
| St. Louis & N. O. R. Co. | 100 | 100 | 100 1/2 |

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

| | Par | Bid | Asked |
|----------------------------|-----|-----|---------|
| New Haven Gas Light Co. | 25 | 25 | 25 1/2 |
| New Haven Water Co. | 50 | 50 | 50 1/2 |
| Pack, Stow & Wilson | 40 | 40 | 40 1/2 |
| Security Insurance Co. | 100 | 100 | 100 1/2 |
| Swift & Co. | 100 | 100 | 100 1/2 |
| Telephone—Chas. & Pot. | 100 | 100 | 100 1/2 |
| U. S. N. Y. & N. H. R. Co. | 100 | 100 | 100 1/2 |
| U. S. Rubber preferred | 100 | 100 | 100 1/2 |

RAILROAD BONDS.

| | Due | Bid | Asked |
|--------------------------|------|-----|---------|
| H. & N. Y. A. L. 1st | 1897 | 107 | 107 1/2 |
| Holyoke & Northfield 1st | 1897 | 121 | 12 |